



**THE SAMOANS DESERVED TO LOSE  
THE TAG TEAM TITLE**

By Capt. Lou Albano

March 1981

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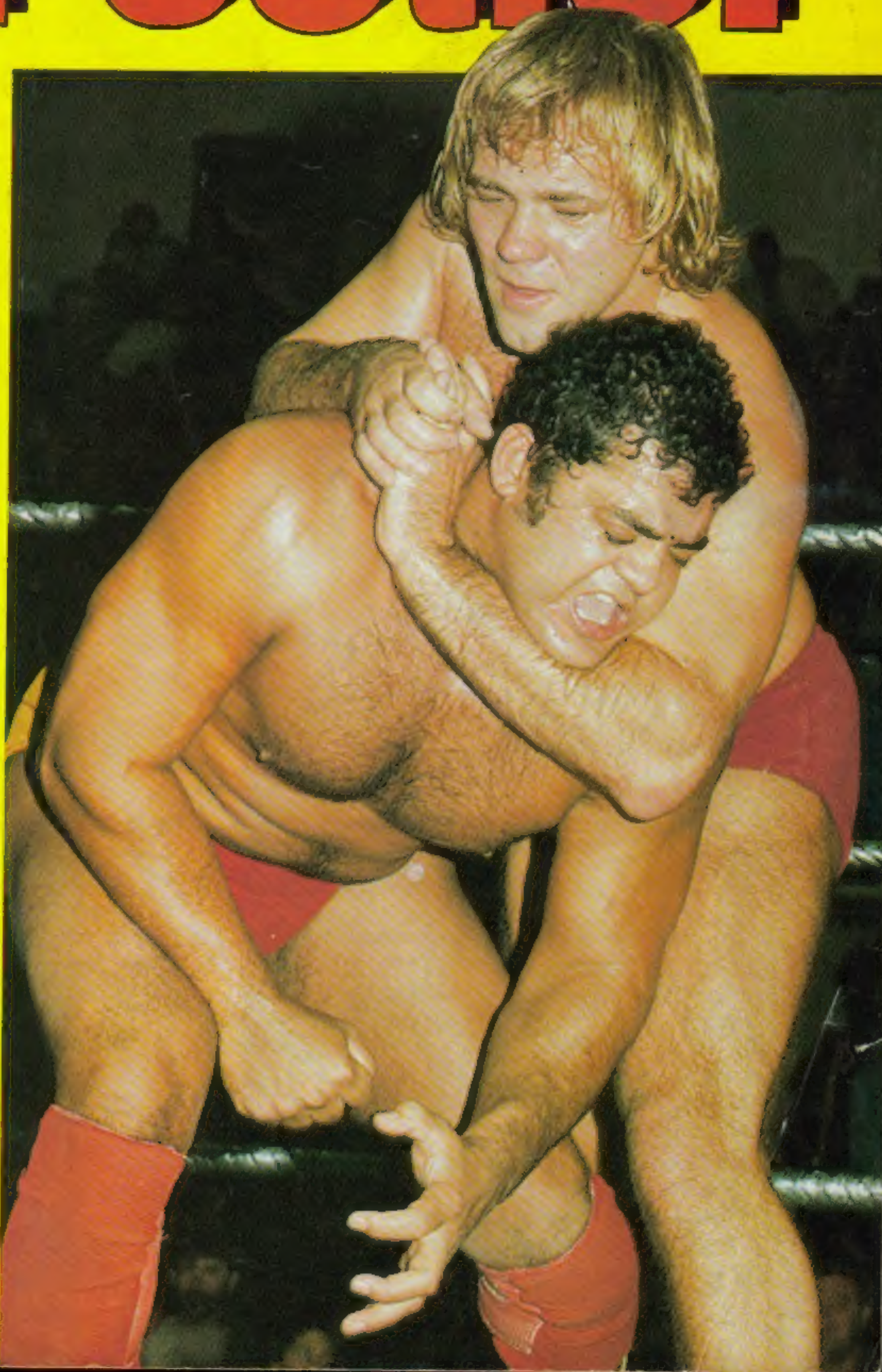
# THE **Wrestler**

**LARRY ZBYSZKO:**  
**"I'VE DESTROYED  
ANOTHER OF  
BRUNO'S PAID  
ASSASSINS!"**



**TOMMY RICH -  
WILDFIRE BURNING  
OUT OF CONTROL**

***Mystery In Georgia:***  
**IS THE REAL  
MR. WRESTLING II  
STILL RETIRED?**





# OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

## WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

Champion: BOB BACKLUND

- 1—KILLER KHAN
- 2—SGT. SLAUGHTER
- 3—HULK HOGAN
- 4—KEN PATERA
- 5—PEDRO MORALES
- 6—LARRY ZBYSZKO
- 7—STAN HANSEN
- 8—PAT PATTERSON
- 9—TONY GAREA
- 10—RICK MARTEL

## AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

Champion: VERNE GAGNE

- 1—NICK BOCKWINKEL
- 2—CRUSHER BLACKWELL
- 3—JOHN STUDD
- 4—DINO BRAVO
- 5—MAD DOG VACHON
- 6—ADRIAN ADONIS
- 7—TOMMY RICH
- 8—TITO SANTANA
- 9—GREG GAGNE
- 10—JESSE VENTURA

## MOST POPULAR

- 1—ANDRE THE GIANT
- 2—BRUNO SAMMARTINO
- 3—DUSTY RHODES
- 4—MIL MASCARAS
- 5—BOB BACKLUND
- 6—RICK STEAMBOAT
- 7—PEDRO MORALES
- 8—WAHOO McDANIEL
- 9—DINO BRAVO
- 10—KEVIN VON ERICH



SGT. SLAUGHTER



TED DiBIASE



JOHN STUDD



RICK STEAMBOAT

## NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

Champion: HARLEY RACE

- 1—GREG VALENTINE
- 2—DUSTY RHODES
- 3—RICK STEAMBOAT
- 4—TONY ATLAS
- 5—DICK SLATER
- 6—KEN PATERA
- 7—MASKED GRAPPLER
- 8—TED DiBIASE
- 9—TERRY FUNK
- 10—JIM BRUNZELL

## TAG TEAMS

- 1—RAY STEVENS & JIMMY SNUKA
- 2—TONY GAREA & RICK MARTEL
- 3—JESSE VENTURA & ADRIAN ADONIS
- 4—THE FREEBIRDS
- 5—THE SHEEPHERDERS
- 6—BARRY WINDHAM & SCOTT MCGEE
- 7—THE MOONDOGS
- 8—THE SAMOANS
- 9—TOMMY & EDDIE GILBERT
- 10—KILLER BROOKS & STAN STASIAK

## MOST HATED

- 1—LARRY ZBYSZKO
- 2—TOMMY RICH
- 3—KEN PATERA
- 4—GREG VALENTINE
- 5—KILLER KHAN
- 6—MASKED GRAPPLER
- 7—BOBBY JAGGERS
- 8—EDDY MANSFIELD
- 9—TERRY GORDY
- 10—KILLER BROOKS



# WHAT'S HAPPENING!

By BILL APTER

**T**HE SAMOANS HAVE lost the World Wrestling Federation tag team championship! It took the expertise of Tony Garea and Rick Martel to finally unseat the maniacal duo. The Samoans' manager, Captain Lou Albano, usually one to make excuses for any loss suffered by his men, was quite mellow when he spoke to the press.

"Gentlemen," he said, "The Samoans lost the title tonight because they did not follow my precise instructions on how to beat Garea and Martel. They deserved to lose the title."

Albano went on to say he considers the Samoans great wrestlers who will be even greater now, "because they are more aware of what they did wrong and they will never make the mistakes they made again."

In the meantime, Albano has shifted his managerial concentration to the new team of the Moondogs, the men he now claims will whip Garea and Martel.

The Outlaws, Dusty Rhodes and Dick Murdoch are now a mere memory. Murdoch has joined the army of Lord Al Hays, becoming a stablemate of Dick Slater. Nikolai  
(Continued on page 50)



The wild Samoans argue with the referee as they leave the ring as ex-WWF tag team champions. They were defeated by the duo of Rick Martel and Tony Garea. The loss is blamed on The Samoans not following Lou Albano's orders.



# YOU ASKED US

**Here's the monthly feature which YOU get to write! It's your chance to have a top wrestler answer YOUR question! Only the best questions will be answered—so put on your thinking caps and come up with some good ones! Address your questions—and who you would like to have answer them—to: YOU ASKED US, c/o THE WRESTLER, PO Box 48, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571. Questions will be answered only in this column and at our discretion!**



Bruno Sammartino catches Buddy Rogers in a crunching bearhug enroute to winning the WWF title for the first time. Bruno's amazing strength can crush the air from a man.

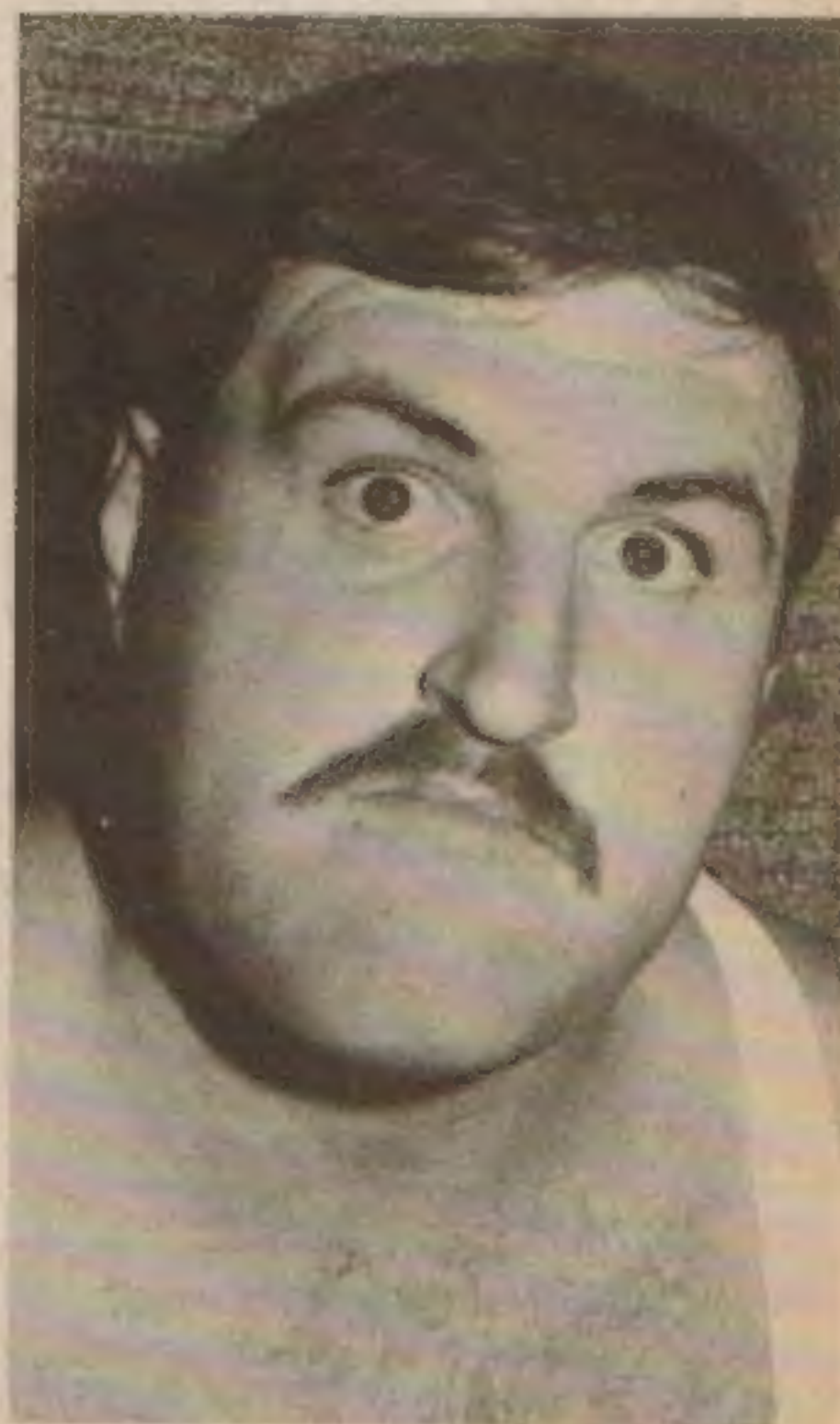
**Q:** "Could a couple of different wrestlers answer whether they think the bearhug is an effective hold?"—Joe Mansfield, Jacksonville, FL

**A:** We asked Bruno Sammartino,

an exponent of the bearhug, and Eddie Gilbert, an expert in flying maneuvers, to answer this question. "You know, I do not think any maneuver, when it is executed properly, is as effective as a bearhug," said Sammartino. "You can stop a man dead in his tracks with a bearhug. You can crush his resistance and his ribs with a bearhug. It is a very fine maneuver." Young Gilbert had a rather contrary response: "Well, I really respect all those who use the bearhug, but I do think flying maneuvers give you much more flexibility. With a bearhug, you're locked into one position, a position which only tests your strength. With aerial maneuvers, you can continually keep your opponent off-balance. You must have speed, agility, and strength in aerial maneuvers. I mean, this is such a personal thing I can't say who's really right or wrong, but I stick by aerial maneuvers."

**Q:** "Could you ask the Drill Instructor, Sgt. Slaughter, if he is the mastermind who devised that brilliant wrestling hold, the Cobra Clutch? He is the first and only wrestler I have ever seen apply this wonderful hold."—Bob Stoner, Greensburg, PA

**A:** "Back in the Marines I drilled those lame, cowardly recruits night and day. The few who survived a thousand pushups, a thousand situps, an 80-mile hike, and six consecutive



Though Sgt. Slaughter did not originate the Cobra Clutch, there are few in the sport that use it more effectively than the former drill instructor.

hours of latrine duty were honored to be put into my special self-defense course. There, I taught them the Cobra Clutch. Naturally, none could perfect this move. It requires massive strength, which only I have. It requires great speed, which only I have. It requires a brilliant mind, which only I have. And it requires the courage of the Seventh Army, which only I have."

*(Continued on page 47)*



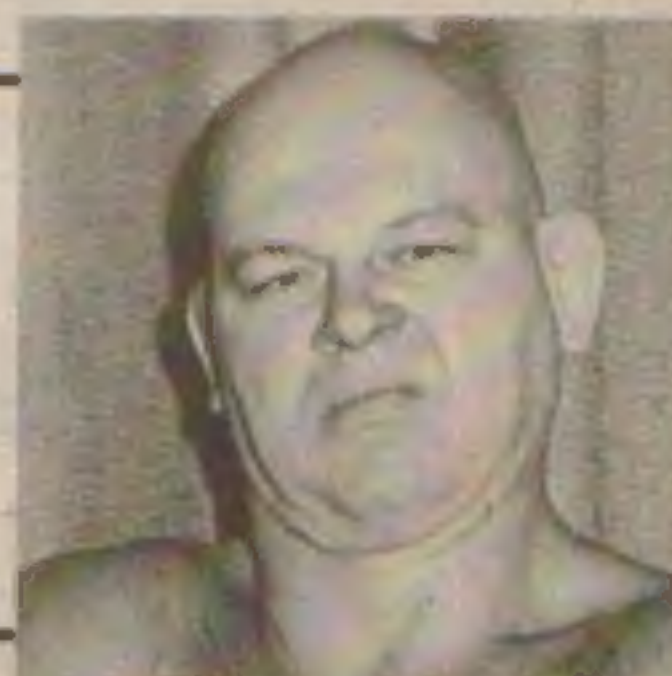
Every issue, this magazine praises the noteworthy and damns those who violate the spirit of wrestling's dignity. The praiseworthy are given a "thumbs up," the disgraceful are marked with "thumbs down." Here is this month's roll of honor and shame

# Thumbs Up



**THUMBS DOWN** to Killer Khan: Evidently dissatisfied with the reign of bloody mayhem left behind in Louisiana, Khan now attempts to bring that same reckless disorder to the WWF. As a man utterly void of morals or principles, Khan represents one of the gravest menaces the WWF has ever faced.

**THUMBS DOWN** to Baron Von Raschke: Upon signing a contract with Florida promoters, the German terror said he will prove his greatness not by winning, but by crippling. Thus far, Von Raschke has ended the career of three Florida preliminary wrestlers. He must be stopped.



**THUMBS UP** to Bruno Sammartino: At his position of world-wide fame and financial security, Bruno could rest on his considerable achievements and avoid any dangers. But that is not the case. Sammartino believes he owes the sport something. That is why he risks serious personal injury in confronting the viciousness of Sgt. Slaughter.

**THUMBS DOWN** to Bobby Jagers: Sometimes a wrestler will simply go way out of line in pursuit of his selfish ambitions. Jagers' unconscionable impersonation of Dusty Rhodes is aimed solely at poisoning the well of good will carefully constructed by the American Dream over the years. There is no place in wrestling for a man like Jagers.



**THUMBS UP** to Austin Idol: When so many succumb to the seductive temptation of opportunism, Idol's refreshing candor in admitting his past errors as a rulebreaker is a welcome sign. It takes a big man to admit he is wrong. Surely Austin Idol is a big man ready to reclaim his place among the superstar scientific wrestling community.

(Continued on page 64)

# Thumbs Down



# Q&A

Each month, **THE WRESTLER** will present a "Question and Answer" forum with an important figure in the wrestling world. It is your chance to meet wrestling's biggest stars as they answer the questions uppermost on the fans' minds



Dick Slater locks up the head of former NWA champion Jack Brisco. Despite the fact that there was an official tournament, Slater has proclaimed himself Florida Brass Knuckles champion.

**Q:** Dick, how can you claim to be the Florida Brass Knuckles champion when there's never been a tournament to determine the winner of that title?

**A:** Never been a tournament 'cause they're all afraid of me, all of 'em, ain't a pound of courage in any of those fat bozos like Rhodes and the rest. Since they're too afraid to wrestle me, I had no choice but to assert my rightful claim to the title.

**Q:** So you've never really earned this title?

**A:** What the hell are you talking about, creep? I won it with the blood of other men on my feet. I stomped and crushed and pounded and annihilated all the retards in this area. I won it.

**Q:** You find yourself centered in another controversy between Hays and Humperdink. Are you sorry you are part of Hays' stable?

**A:** Not at all.

**Q:** Are you afraid Hays is using you to get back at Humperdink?

**A:** First off, idiot, let me correct you. No one, and I repeat, no one uses me. I make my own decisions and I know exactly what the hell I'm doing. I make my





## DICK SLATER

**D**ICK SLATER NEVER shies away from trouble nor from promoting himself as the greatest wrestler who ever lived. Currently the Southern Heavyweight champion, Slater's ambitious mouth seeks new worlds to conquer. He proclaims himself the real Florida Brass Knuckles champion and also contends he is the foremost practitioner of the figure-four leglock. Under the tutelage of Lord Al Hays, Slater joins stablemates Bobby Jagers and Nikolai Volkoff in unleashing a new, severe menace to Florida wrestling.

own decisions, no one else, understand, creep?

**Q:** So it was your decision to attack Humperdink?

**A:** Unlike that fat bearded slob, I stick by my friends and never desert a friend. Al is a buddy of mine and when that fat pig attacked him, I ran to his side.

**Q:** Now what is your opinion of Hays?

**A:** A great man, a great manager, a great human being. Someday the world will appreciate his greatness and give him the power that is his.

**Q:** How would Dick Slater fit into this world?

**A:** Well, I have my own world, a world I make out of my fists and guts. Al has a different kind of world, one where he uses his mind more. But they're really compatible and I expect us to conquer Florida, then go after the rest of the bozos.

*(Continued on page 65)*



Slater aims his right elbow at the exposed throat of Jerry Brisco (above left) and the top of Dusty Rhodes' head (above right). Currently the Southern Heavyweight champion, Slater is determined to wipe out Florida's large assembly of scientific wrestlers.



# INTRODUCING SPIKE HUBER



PHOTOS BY SCOTT ROMER

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Yet another fine young man has joined the ranks of professional wrestling. He is Spike Huber. And he comes from good stock. His father-in-law is none other than the great Bruiser. From early reports, Huber has soaked up a lot of training. All those who dare cross his path had better watch out

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**A**N ENGAGING GRIN and strong moral fiber characterize Spike Huber, latest midwest sensation.

Spike Huber started his professional wrestling in February, 1975. Before his growing reputation could spread beyond the Midwest area, Huber accepted an offer from Korean promoters to wrestle in their country.

"It was a fascinating experience," said Huber, a native of Indianapolis. "I got to travel, meet different people, and experience an entirely different culture. Besides, I learned a lot from the Korean stars, especially that guy Chom-Choi."

Once Huber completed his commitment in Korea, he returned to the United States and embarked

on a serious program of weightlifting.

"I really enjoy the solitary challenge of lifting weights. When I lift the weights, it's just me and the machines. It takes a lot of concentration and skill to lift weights and I'm really into it," said the 234-pound Huber.

Huber's dedication to weightlifting resulted from a burning





desire to beef himself up to meet the ferocious challenge of the tough wrestlers he'd had to meet in his young career.

"I only weighed about 160 pounds when I was in high school," said Huber. "I only played football back then. It wasn't until I got into college that I did some wrestling, though not as much as I probably should've."

Huber selected wrestling for the competition and challenge. And, the influence of a family member: father-in-law Dick the Bruiser.

"After I married his daughter, Dick took me under his wing and worked really hard with me. He's a tough teacher."

That paid off as Huber became the youngest man ever to win a World Wrestling Association title

when he and Bruiser defeated then-champions Paul Christy and Roger Kirby for the WWA tag team title. For a 25-year-old, that was quite an experience.

"Just amazing," said Huber, shaking his head.

Though Huber loves teaming with Bruiser, he prefers single matches.

*(Continued on page 58)*





# TOMMY RICH —

Ever since turning rulebreaker, Tommy Rich has gone totally berserk. There is not even one shred of decency left. In each match, Rich reveals deeper depths of treachery and violence. It apparently points to some hidden purpose on Rich's part. But no one is quite certain where this path will lead him

## WILDFIRE BURNING OUT OF CONTROL

**E**LLEN JANE SCHEINER blinked back the tears escaping from her small green eyes. Her tiny little hands trembled as she reached for the full-length color poster dangling over her neat butcher block desk. She stopped, unable to pluck the smiling face from her wall.

"You think I made a mistake?" thundered Tommy Rich into the microphone quivering inches from his contorted lips. "I know what I'm doing."

Ellen sagged onto the bed and reached for the box of Kleenex lying atop her wooden end table.

"I am the greatest, just ask my main man, Jimmy Hart," Rich jerked his head toward manager Hart, who seized the microphone.

"This wrestler, this fine young man, this great citizen, he doesn't need to listen to anyone but me and his conscience. Look at how far he has gone since coming to Memphis and hooking up with me.

"Rich is now the greatest talent in the entire world. He has everything he could ever want: skill, speed, strength, good-looks. What else does he need except a great manager like me?"

Ellen dabbed her eyes, tried to stand, couldn't, and stared dimly at the television screen.

"I want to tell you people something," Rich screamed, pointing his finger at the hissing crowd. "I don't need you people, understand? I listened to you fools when I was down in Georgia and all I got was

beatings.

"You fans don't know a damn thing about anything so keep your stupid mouths shut and don't talk to me anymore, understand? I'm fed up with you stupid little drips interfering in my life, you know what I mean?"

"Fans bug me to no end. I hate the fans. I really do. I hate a bunch of stupid-looking goons trying to cheer me and only spitting on my shoes. I hate stupid goon fans trying to cheer me and only distracting me.

"Know how many times my great concentration was broken by the sound of some ignorant little turnip-faced goon calling my name?"

Ellen rose.

"It was bad enough having to be nice to those broken down, over-the-hill bums like Mr.



Rich viciously slams Bill Dundee to the concrete floor!



Wrestling II and Mr. Wrestling down in Georgia. I was polite to them and listened to their 14th century notions of how to wrestle because I was afraid to say anything, shock them and give their ancient bodies

heart attacks.

"I hated having to listen to morons like that. They would try and show me a move and they'd almost break their leg falling down and tripping over their two clumsy feet.

"One time I fainted trying to show me the simplest move in the world. I had to revive him. I was scared. If you goons out there don't believe me, just watch those pathetic hunks of

*Continued on page 46)*





Dusty Rhodes and Sika size each other up before the WWF tag team title match between Rhodes and Pat Patterson and The Samoans (above). The referee tries in vain to prevent Rhodes and Patterson's doubleteaming effort on Afa (right). Captain Lou Albano claims The Samoans did not listen to him before this match, nor did they listen to him before losing the title to Tony Garea and Rick Martel.

# THE SAMOANS DESERVED TO LOSE THE TAG TEAM TITLE

By Capt. Lou Albano

**Y**OU HAVE TO feel sorry for anyone who won't listen to the Captain. After all, I managed more world champions than any man alive. I've got an IQ of 175. No one comes close to me in intelligence, no one at all.

So when I tell one of my wrestlers what to do, I don't expect





questions, I don't expect arguments, I don't expect wise-offs or big-mouths. And I don't expect people to ignore what I say

I tell you about The Moondogs, the meanest, toughest, greatest, best two guys I ever saw. They were fortunate enough to come under my care. I told them flat out, the

Captain calls the shots. The Captain tells you what to eat and where. The Captain tells you how to dress. The Captain tells you what to watch on TV, what movies to go to, what friends you can have. The Captain must have full authority over his wrestlers' lives or it's no deal.

And they've been great, super, terrific, they wrestle like I want and they win all the time and it's all due to me, the Captain, the greatest man who ever lived

And now let me tell you about The Samoans. I discovered them, I found them, I helped them, I got them immigrant papers, I got them

**This is an absolutely stunning article. In this story, written by Captain Lou Albano, the world learns why The Samoans lost the WWF title. Albano insists they lost because they didn't listen to him. If Albano is lying, his managerial career could be ruined**







Though The Samoans' belts were saved by the 11 p.m. curfew against Patterson and Rhodes, Albano sensed his control slipping away. Afa cries out in pain as Dusty repeatedly slams The Samoan's forearm against his shoulder

a place to live, I taught them how to use a knife and fork. I treated them like they were my own flesh and blood.

So what happened? They won the WWF tag team title, just another of the Captain's champions, just another indication of my greatness, my genius, my kindness. I made them into what they are now. And I told them never to disobey me. Never. They would ask why and I would tell them they can't do it on their own. I thought they believed me. I was wrong, they didn't listen. And

that's why they deserved to lose the WWF tag team title.

All started the first time they disobeyed me. They were wrestling fatso Dusty Rhodes and pig-face Pat Patterson. I told them how to beat these human leftovers, I told them what to do, I told them not to worry, the Captain's on their side, the Captain's their friend, he'd never let them down. So what do they do? They don't listen.

They lose the first fall, they're losing the second fall, they're about to lose the belts when they're saved by the curfew. I chewed them out

after the match. I told them never to think on their own again. They nodded, they grunted, they cried, they listened. So what happened?

They go right out and refuse to listen to me. The disgrace of it, the humiliation of two of my wrestlers beaten by bums like Tony Garea and Rick Martel. The humiliation for the Captain, a genius, a man who will be enshrined in the earth Hall of Fame, for this to happen to the Captain is a disgrace.

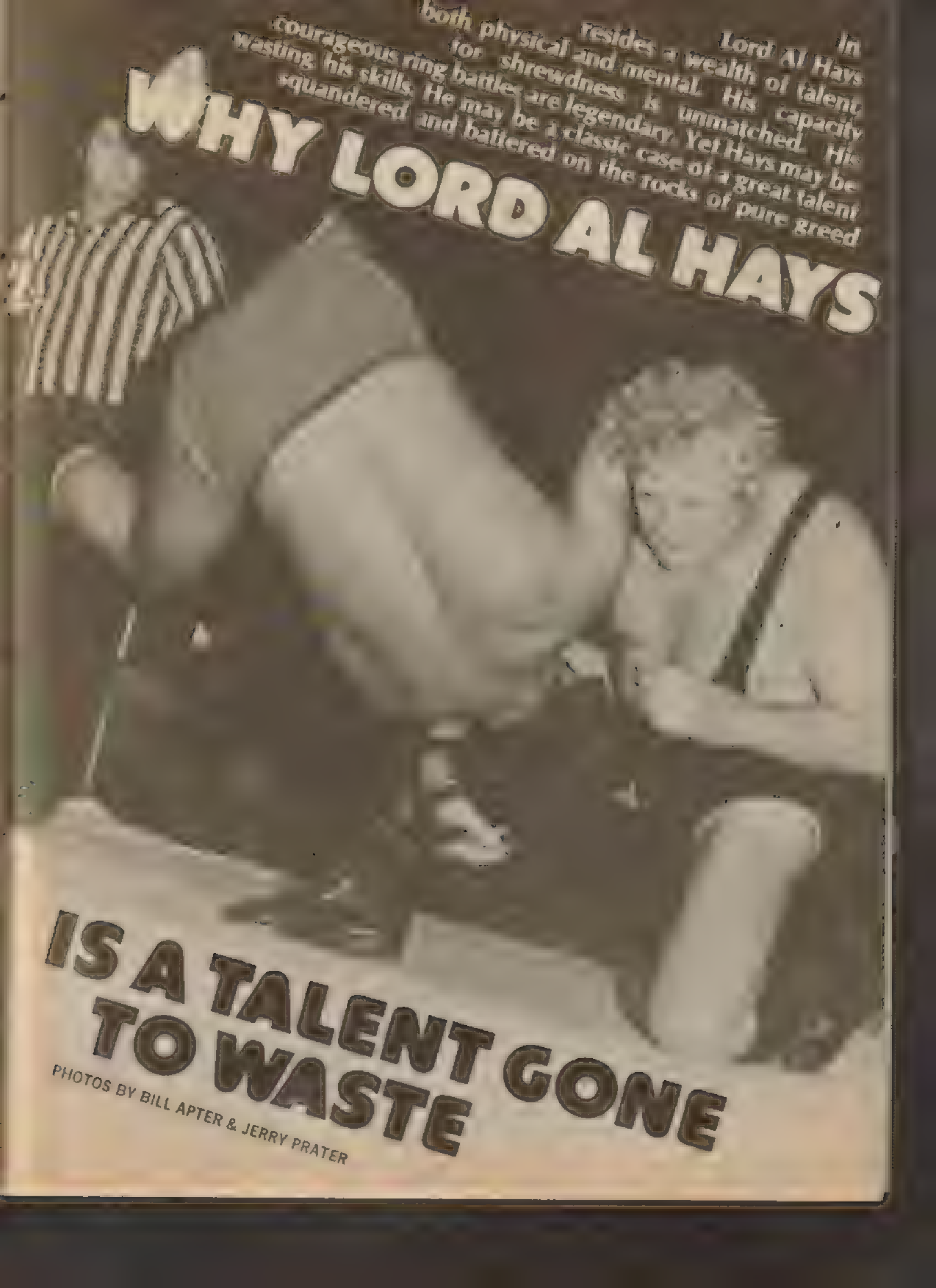
So I have sympathy for them? Has the Captain opened up the

*(Continued on page 54)*



In Lord Al Hays resides a wealth of talent for physical and mental. His capacity for shrewdness is unmatched. His courageous ring battles are legendary. Yet Hays may be wasting his skills. He may be a classic case of a great talent squandered and battered on the rocks of pure greed.

# WHY LORD AL HAYS



## IS A TALENT GONE TO WASTE

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER & JERRY PRATER



**A**LL FOREIGN WRESTLERS seeking immigration visas must submit a detailed personal history to the State Department. Lord Alfred Hays was no exception. Until now, the specifics of his personal history remain a mystery. Until now, that is.

Our staff, eager to understand Hays and, more specifically, why he would squander immense wrestling skills to devote himself primarily to managing, recently obtained Hays' application. In a word, what we learned is stunning.

We received so much material an entire issue of *The Wrestler* would have had to be devoted to printing the file in full. Instead, we focused on the most interesting aspect of Hays' life, his formative years spent at Cambridge University.

As descendant to a noble title, Hays encountered considerable resentment from some of his classmates. Though they, too, were of wealthy backgrounds, Hays could accurately trace his family lineage back to the time of William the Conqueror.

And Hays never refrained from telling all around him about his blue-blood. But snobs were as much a part of Cambridge as daily tea. At Cambridge existed a very specific social structure between two different groups.

One clique consisted of the intellectuals, the ones of proud social heritage. The other clique consisted of those inclined toward athletics, specifically rugby.

It was considered heresy for any member of a clique to try and belong to both worlds.

Young Al Hays committed just such heresy.

Even as a young tyke, Hays loved rugby. And he loved the sports of the mind with equal enthusiasm. Unfortunately, Hays refused to choose. With considerable egocentrism, Hays decided he would break time-honored tradition and attempt to enter both worlds.

His rejection was quick and violent. Light scrimmages on the rugby field turned into gang tackling practice with Hays beaten beneath a hill of bodies. Though his talents were obvious, Hays couldn't make the team. He consistently scored, but to do so, he nearly had to steal the ball from teammates. On one occasion, Hays was wrenched from the field after a tremendous advance. When replaced, Hays trampled the shards of tradition



Lord Al Hays is flanked by the two men he manages, Nikolai Volkoff and Bobby Jagers. Due to Hays' brilliance, this tag team seems to be unstoppable. The NWA tag team title may yet be won on the playing fields of Eton!



even further by questioning the coach's decision. For that unseemly outburst, he was tossed off the team.

Thus Hays returned to the intellectual world only to find similar rejection, though on a more subtle level. Suddenly there weren't enough chess boards around when he wished to play and, should he be foresighted enough to bring his own to the study room, all potential opponents insisted they didn't have time to play. His regular bridge game disbanded only to re-unite a week later with another partner supplanting Hays. His efforts to borrow books at the school library were thwarted for every work he requested was either out or on a holdover list. Don't bother putting your name down, Mr. Hays. The wait could take months.

For nearly a year, Hays lived within the cone of silence. All his friends disappeared. Previously friendly teachers drilled him unmercifully in class. Even when he knew the answers, the instructors pressed him into areas he never could have studied. But to Hays' credit, he never flinched. Despite the agonizing loneliness, Hays didn't give in.

Then the big break happened. The rugby team manager fell victim to a disease known as shingles. An intensive search erupted for the proper replacement. A man of intelligence, of courage, and knowledge of rugby was needed. But who could fill the void in a world where divisions were so studiously maintained? Only one person.

The coach called Hays and asked him to take the job. Hays wanted to know if there was still a chance he could play. No matter the team's desperation, tradition still reigned supreme.

*(Continued on page 55)*



Hays, the superb and ruthless athlete, stands grandly over his fallen foe, Scott McGhee. Though Hays devotes most of his energies to managing, every so often he proves again that his wrestling skills are among the best around. Only his past keeps him from becoming a world champion.



A black and white photograph of professional wrestler Larry Zbyszko in the middle of a wrestling move. He is shirtless, wearing dark wrestling trunks, and is lifting another man by his arms. The man being lifted is wearing a light-colored long-sleeved shirt and dark pants. Zbyszko is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is dark and out of focus.

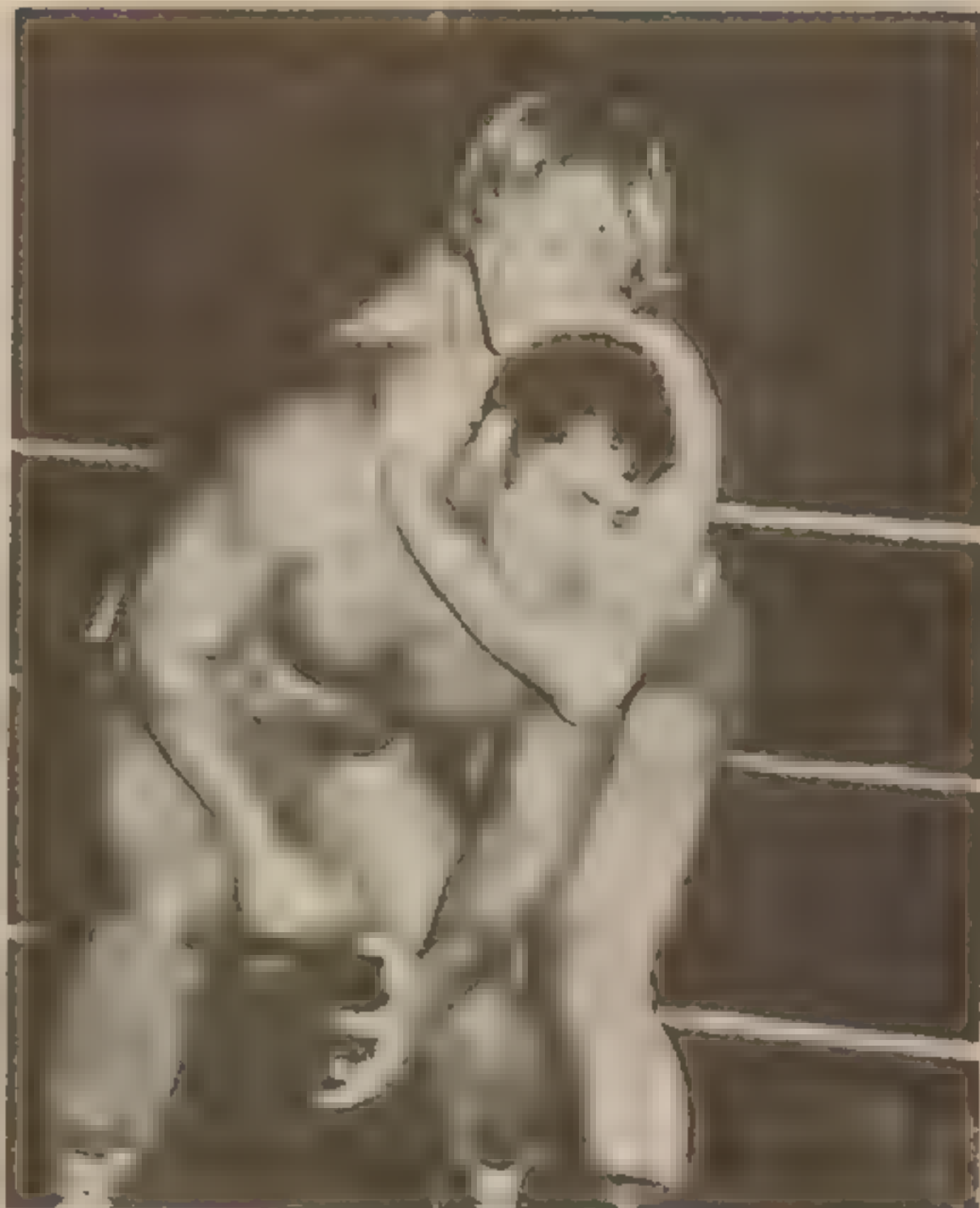
# LARRY ZBYSZKO:

**"I'VE  
DESTROYED  
ANOTHER OF  
BRUNO'S PAID  
ASSASSINS!"**

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER



Still seething over his brutal loss to Bruno Sammartino in a cage match at Shea Stadium, Larry Zbyszko sets his sights on eliminating Bruno's friends. Pedro Morales, Sammartino's close friend, is the latest to confront Zbyszko's insane assaults. But Morales is more than Bruno's friend. He's a great wrestler



Larry Zbyszko works over Pedro Morales outside the ring (opposite and above left) and chokes him inside the ring (above right)

**W**ELL, DOGGONE HIM," exploded Bruno Sammartino. "If that lousy creep thinks he is going to get away with that sort of stuff, well, let me tell you, that doggone Frankenstein has another thing coming.

"I remember the Frankenstein movie where they destroy the monster in the castle with fire. But then I remember seeing some doggone sequel where the Frankenstein monster comes back to life. Well, let me tell you, there is no doggone way that Frankenstein monster is going to come back. I thought I left him for dead in the Shea Stadium cage, but now I will get him."

The "Frankenstein" monster Sammartino refers to doesn't have green skin nor electrodes protruding from his neck. Rather, this monster seems normal enough. He has hair, skin, eyes, legs, arms, a nose. But no heart. Yes, no heart pumps inside Larry Zbyszko.

Ever since their bloody battle last August, Sammartino and Zbyszko have exchanged insults and taunts long-distance. Sammartino initially felt Zbyszko should leave wrestling because of his loss. Zbyszko believed Sammartino cheated in the steel cage and demanded a rematch.

Now the war has taken on new contours. Zbyszko claims

the Living Legend has hired a squad of assassins to attack him. He further contends Sammartino does this out of naked cowardice. And one of those paid assassins is none other than former WWF champion Pedro Morales.

"The old man thinks he can scare me by sending these idiots into the ring after me. First of all, how could a slob like Pedro Morales scare me?" asked Zbyszko. "Just sending someone like Morales, a washed-up, two-bit thug to wrestle me does great disservice and insult to my reputation. I can't be bothered wrestling preliminary bums,

*(Continued on page 48)*



# *The NEW Masked Superstar & Paul Jones:*

**M**ASKED SUPERSTAR AND Paul Jones have battled many a tough foe in their distinguished careers. They've confronted out-patients capable of the most heinous brand of cruelty. They've confronted graceful scientific wrestlers capable of dazzling maneuvers. But now they must

confront their most deadly foe: skepticism.

Throughout the Mid-Atlantic area, skepticism persists as to the real ambitions of these two former rulebreakers. Perhaps good reason exists for the disbelief of some area fans. After all, Masked Superstar was a notorious rulebreaker, most

recently as a member of the Gene Anderson stable. And who can forget Paul Jones' disgusting betrayal of partner Rick Steamboat?

"Exactly, who'll forget?" said Jones, shaking his head.

Since returning to the area, Jones has been a model of integrity and kindness. He knew

**"CHEER FOR US,  
AND WE'LL FIGHT  
FOR YOU!"**

PHOTOS BY KEVIN KRON





fans wouldn't immediately accept him back into the ranks of scientific wrestlers. Too many remember the treachery. But Jones was prepared for that.

"I knew it would take a while," said Jones. "At least I had my past going for me. Fans remember how good I once was."

Masked Superstar has no glorious past for fans to judge him by. His entire career until a few months ago was devoted to rulebreaking. For fans to forgive and forget Superstar with any ease requires a suspension of disbelief many wrestling fans simply won't do.

"I know I haven't been a particularly nice guy," said Masked Superstar. "I know I have a checkered past to live down. Hey, I know that. But I deserve a chance. Doesn't anyone realize how hard I worked, how hard this decision was for me? I took a big chance, mister. I burnt all my bridges behind me and took the chance the Mid-Atlantic fans, the greatest in the world, would be willing to give me a break."

"Some have. Some fans come up and wish me well, talk to me, offer me encouragement. Then there are others who simply won't believe me. Well, I can only do the best I can, I guess."

But not receiving full-throated fan support wears down a wrestler's energies. Instead of hearing lusty cheers, Jones and Masked Superstar often received polite, restrained applause. Only when they go into full-motion and totally demolish another tag team will the fans respond.



It is believed that Paul Jones and Masked Superstar will not become true scientific wrestlers until they receive the full support of the fans. Opposite left: Jones and Superstar doubleteam Jimmy Snuka. Above: Superstar strangles a bloody Snuka.

---

**A peculiar tag team has formed in the Mid-Atlantic area. Former rulebreakers Paul Jones and Masked Superstar created a tag team bent on revenge. Their targets: The Anderson family. Both men have ample reason for hating Anderson's men. But will their mutual hatred form a solid basis for a trusting partnership?**

---





Above: Jones holds Stevens in place as Superstar leaps from the turnbuckles. Right: Superstar exposes Snuka's body for an attack by Jones.

"I think fans hold back a little on us," explained Jones. "Maybe they just don't think we'll follow through on our commitments. Well, Superstar and me took a blood oath. We didn't want to, reveal this because some people might think it corny, but I guess this is the time and place to discuss our blood oath."

"Me and Superstar took a holy vow. We pledged on our very lives and the lives of all our future generations of Jones and Masked Superstars never to betray our pledge of scientific wrestling, fairness to friends, and appreciation of fans. We



swore to die before we'd break this solemn oath. Then we finalized it in blood."

Jones showed a fresh, white scar running along the inside of his elbow. Superstar showed his scar. They exchanged knowing nods.

"You think I'd jeopardize my

own life if I wasn't serious about this," asked Superstar. "This is holy stuff, man, nothing that you do lightly. I hope the fans understand exactly what me and Paul went through."

"I don't know, I don't know what more we can do," said Superstar. "We've tried our best. We've given it our all. But we want to tell the fans something: Cheer for us, and we'll fight for you!"

Jones and Superstar demonstrated their principled resolve in a recent NWA title match against Ray Stevens and Jimmy Snuka. Prior to the match, the champions taunted Superstar and Jones.

"Hey, turncoat, hey, traitor," yelled Snuka.

"Here chickie-chickie," laughed Stevens.

Their derisive comments couldn't lure Jones and Superstar into an attack before the bell. They endured a barrage of abuse any other person would have erupted at. Yet they bit their lower lips and simply issued glares at the champion, preferring to wait until the legal tolling of the bell to respond.

"Attacking before the bell is for cheaters," said Jones.

Once the match began, Jones and Superstar exploded. They totally abandoned any semblance of scientific wrestling and went out to destroy their foes. After a bloody brawl, Superstar and Jones were disqualified.

Even though they brawled, Superstar and Jones demonstrated a certain fairness in the ring. Surely they listened to the fans during the match. But their explosive brawling may be a manifestation of deeper discontent. Call it frustration, anger, bewilderment, whatever. Until the fans accept them, Jones and Superstar can never be real scientific wrestlers. □



# Mystery In Georgia



## IS THE REAL MR. WRESTLING II STILL RETIRED?

What is happening down in Georgia? Recently Mr. Wrestling II announced his retirement, much to the chagrin of millions of fans. Then II reportedly wrestled Dennis Condrey, former Georgia Heavyweight champion. But Condrey swears the man he wrestled was not Mr. Wrestling II

**D**ENNIS CONDREY IS a confused man. And Mr. Wrestling II is very amused by it.

The retirement process of Mr. Wrestling II was not a simple one. One day after his emotional

farewell at the Omni in Atlanta, a man in a white mask, the same height and build as Mr. Wrestling II, was on the wrestling card in Carrollton, Georgia, scheduled to oppose Condrey. He was billed as

Mr. Wrestling II. The fans recognized him as their long-time hero. He seemed to wrestle as Mr. Wrestling II would. But Dennis Condrey, a battered thoroughly disgusted young man sat in his

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER



dressing room shaking his head in utter disbelief. "No way, no way, no way," he growled. "That man was not Mr. Wrestling II!"

It had been a rough couple of days for Condrey. Only 24 hours earlier, he suffered two devastating defeats in the Omni. Not only did he lose his Georgia heavyweight title to Tony Atlas, but he was eliminated by Atlas in a 22-man Battle Royal (eventually won by Atlas), which would have given him an opportunity to wrestle Harley Race for the NWA championship. Now he sat in the locker room, applying an ice pack to a face that was just beaten to a pulp by a man he thought had retired.

"I don't know who that man in the ring was tonight," he complained, "but I'll tell you one thing. Nobody who could do this to me is retiring to no old age home."

If Condrey were correct, and the man he wrestled was not Mr. Wrestling II, the whole face of wrestling might have to be changed. If a masked wrestler could interchange his identity, the governing commissions would have no choice but to ban masked wrestlers from the sport entirely. That would leave the entire world of wrestling in a similar situation that occurred in New York State a decade ago.

Until 1972, wrestlers were

forbidden from wearing masks in New York arenas. Finally, the New York State Athletic Commission buckled under to tremendous amount of pressure from fans who craved to see men such as Mil Mascaras in their area. Fortunately, there have been no incidents since that would have forced New York's commission to return to the old law.

Until, perhaps, now.

"I don't know if Condrey realizes this," said the victorious masked man in his dressing room," but he has paid me a very fine compliment. "Of course it was me in the ring. I knew that guy was a little thick up on top, but this beats all. This really beats all. Since he complimented me by saying I'm not ready for retirement, I'm going to offer Mr. Condrey an excuse.

"After his match with Tony Atlas at The Omni and after getting dumped on his butt in the



Condrey sends the man who claims he is Mr. Wrestling II through the air (left). Is this II headed to the ring (above)?

Battle Royal—and of course, after his match with me—his mind became frazzled. He didn't know who was who." II smiled. "Guess you can't blame the guy, really."

Condrey did not appreciate his opponent's attempt to bail him out. Dennis is not ready to admit that he is wrong. "There is nothing wrong with me mentally or physically," he insists. "I know





Condrey uses a takedown and clamps a clawhold on the masked man. This match took place one night after Mr. Wrestling II announced his retirement in Atlanta. "It was part of II's farewell tour to wrestling," the promoter in Carrollton, Georgia, informed us.

what I know, and that man was not Mr. Wrestling II. When I prove it, that imposter will never be able to step inside the ring again. And as for Mr. Wrestling II pulling such a stunt, he will be disgraced and exposed for what he really is.

"What does that man think, I'm stupid? Hey, I was in Atlanta and I saw Mr. Wrestling II retire. It might have been the happiest day

of my life. No more Mr. Wrestling II. If he retired in Atlanta, how could he be wrestling in Carrollton? I demand this be investigated!"

Condrey's opponent nearly ripped a seam in his mask, he laughed so hard at that comment. "Why does Condrey set himself up like that?" he asked. "Why does he ask if he is stupid? Geez, if the mask

fits . . . that guy ran around like a chicken without his head after winning the Georgia title. If he was aware of what was going on around him, he'd know that I am making farewell appearances in all of my favorite areas, saying goodbye to all my favorite fans.

"Now I say goodbye to Dennis Condrey . . . and thank you for the compliment." □



**N**OT ONE SINGLE incident triggered Fred Blassie's grim resolve to emerge from retirement. Rather it took two phone calls and an anonymously delivered manila envelope to persuade the veteran rule-breaker to again don the boots and trunks and put his life on the line within the dangerous confines of the squared circle.

"It was about 1:30 in the morning when my phone rang," recalled Blassie. "I reached for the phone, wondering what kind of pencil-necked geek would have the audacity to disturb my beauty sleep.

"First I picked it up and didn't hear anything. Figured it was a broad calling me, just wanting to hear my wonderful voice. As I was about to hang up, a voice crackled over the wires. This dude said he had something very important to tell me. I asked him why he was bothering me at 1:30 in the morning. He said he called at this ungodly hour because it



# WHY FRED BLASSIE PHOTOS BY THEO EHRET WAS FORCED TO WRESTLE AGAIN

---

What forced Fred Blassie out of retirement? Why was Blassie compelled to accept a match against John Tolos? Blassie's first match in many years featured two cruel men capable of any sort of vicious trick. Yet reports persist Blassie didn't want the match. Was Blassie blackmailed?

---





was so important.

"Made sense to me. So I listen while this guy tells me John Tolos has been bad-mouthing me all over California, calling me a has-been and an old fudge who couldn't move across the ring without the aid of a cane.

"Well, let me tell you no pencil-neck geek can get away with calling me names. I hung up but forgot about it. I'm so busy managing great wrestlers I get caught up in their world, you know how unselfish I am.

"Anyway, couple nights later I get yet another call, this time from a different geek. He tells me Tolos has put a price on my head. He said only those 85 and over could collect it since if I wrestled a younger man I might get hurt and he doesn't want my death on his conscience.

"Well, that made me madder than a bee without honey. I called that geek Tolos and asked him what the hell kinda guff he was trying to pull. He denied ever saying that. Hah, I

Circa 1980: Fred Blassie comes out of retirement as an active wrestler to make John Tolos "pay" for derogatory comments he allegedly made (above). Circa 1971: Tolos throws a handful of toxic monsel powder into Blassie's eyes (below left), putting Fred in the hospital for an extended period (below right).





said. I warned him if he didn't keep his mouth shut I'd close it forever. He laughed and hung up, which made me madder even more.

"But one of my wrestlers had some personal problems. Always the true friend, the kind man, the great, wise sage, I helped him out, putting away my troubles. Then I get this envelope in the mail. Wow, you should've seen what it said.

"There were a lot of newspaper stories quoting Tolos how he'd break my face. He got quoted in some rag newspaper about how the highlight of his career was blinding me with some powder 10 years ago. He was actually proud of that. That's about his level of intelligence. Now I was madder than anything. I was determined to destroy the geek. I called some old buddies out in Los Angeles and told 'em to nail down the chairs. The Hollywood Fashion Plate is on his way back.

Quick arrangements resulted in a veritable flood of pre-match publicity. Not since the Dodgers-Yankees World Series in 1977 and 1978 had Los Angeles been so engulfed in anticipation of a sporting event.

Local talk shows interviewed both Tolos and Blassie. Curiously enough, Tolos denied many of the things Blassie contended he said, though not all of them.

In fact, when Tolos was questioned several days before this titanic bout, he scoffed at Blassie's contentions.

"I never said that. I don't know who called that old fool, but it wasn't anyone who knew what they were talking about," snickered Tolos.

Tolos' denials appeared sincere. Assuming they are, that raises the intriguing possibility that someone manipulated Blassie into



Time has not diminished the hatred between these two men. Whether or not Tolos was responsible for bringing Blassie out of retirement is irrelevant. Once in the ring, there was no stopping the violence. Tolos tries to protect himself from a chair-wielding Blassie (above). Blassie slumps across the turnbuckles as a bloody Tolos goes on the attack (below).







Tolos holds Blassie by the throat and pounds away to the back of the neck. Rules? Neither of these men know the meaning of the word. Tolos eventually found out the hard way that Fred Blassie is not "over-the-hill."

traveling to the West Coast for a match. Now who would want Blassie to leave the WWF?

It could be one of two types of people. Perhaps a WWF good guy assuming that Blassie's wrestlers would be helpless without their manager.

Or perhaps it was either a local or foreign territory manager who has longed to move into the WWF, eager to

snare one of Blassie's men.

The two top rulebreaker managers in the WWF, Captain Lou Albano and The Grand Wizard, vehemently denied any participation. However, an anonymous source in the Southeast offered an as-yet unconfirmed possibility that a manager in that territory wishes to move into the WWF and arranged for Blassie to leave

that area.

Whoever arranged the match was disappointed. Blassie violently drove Tolos from the ring.

"I won't deny I hate Tolos," said Blassie. "Me and him have a feud going back a long way. And I still believe he said those things, though he doesn't have the guts to admit them. This'll shut him up for good." □



## TOMMY RICH

(Continued from Page 27)



Dundee lays helplessly along the ropes, yet Rich refuses to release his grip (above). Tommy's new manager, Jimmy Hart, was instrumental in changing his wrestling style and guiding him to the AWA Southern Heavyweight title (right).

flabby meat try and move around the ring. Imagine, me listening to them," Rich thundered.

Ellen stiffened her tiny shoulders as she neared the wall.

"So I had to put up with old bums trying to teach a gifted man like me how to wrestle, as if I ever needed help. But I was stupid, hey, I admit I was stupid, not as stupid as you idiots," Rich giggled as he pointed to the shocked fans. "Now that I've realized how utterly worthless

such men like that are, I'm a lot better off."

Ellen bit her lower lip and turned up the sound. Rich's voice knifed through her, compelling her back to the desk and the collection of pictures.

"But you gotta know that I was never so near-sighted as when I listened to the fans," shouted Rich. "Damn, that was a bum mistake. I once thought fans were important. I once thought whether fans rooted for you or booed you really mattered. Now I understand they don't matter, not one little bit."

Ellen pulled out a thumbtack, her finger shaking violently

"I used to think fans knew what they were talking about. They don't know nothing about anything. I would be dumb enough to stop and talk to them."

Ellen pulled down the poster of Tommy Rich.

"One night I actually spent an hour of my precious time standing outside the arena talking to and listening to what they had to say. What do they know?"

Ellen flung the poster onto the floor.

"Fans haven't the faintest idea what they're talking about. They're a bunch of morons, gooks, geeks, and goons. They only know how to sit there with their dumb mouths open dribbling down their lips."

Ellen ripped off a line of pictures from the wall.

"To think, I used to bother with autographs. I can't think of a greater waste of time than signing autographs for some stupid little girl."

Ellen Jane Scheiner shredded her autographed picture of Tommy Rich, threw it aside and fell onto the bed, sobbing. □







The Outlaws seriously considered challenging The Freebirds for the Georgia tag team title but just as the issue went to press, we learned that Dick Murdoch has joined Lord Al Hays' stable, ending his long-time friendship with Dusty Rhodes.

**Q:** "I heard a story that Dusty Rhodes and Dick Murdoch were going to reform their famous tag team, The Outlaws, and challenge the Georgia tag team champions, The Freebirds. Is this true?"

Neville Brand, Tallahassee, FL

**A:** "Me and Dick would like nothin' better than to pulverize those sewer-mouthed rats, The Freebirds," said Rhodes. "Far as me and Dick feel, they ain't nothin' but a bunch of looneys runnin' amuck and they gotta be stopped. But we ain't really made up our minds to wrestle them yet. There are some real fine tag teams now in Georgia who should have no trouble demolishin' The Freebirds

and sendin' them back to their little pet shop."

\*\*\*

**Q:** "Why would Jimmy Snuka and Ray Stevens purposely hurt Jay Youngblood?"  
Thomas Kenneally, Charlotte, NC

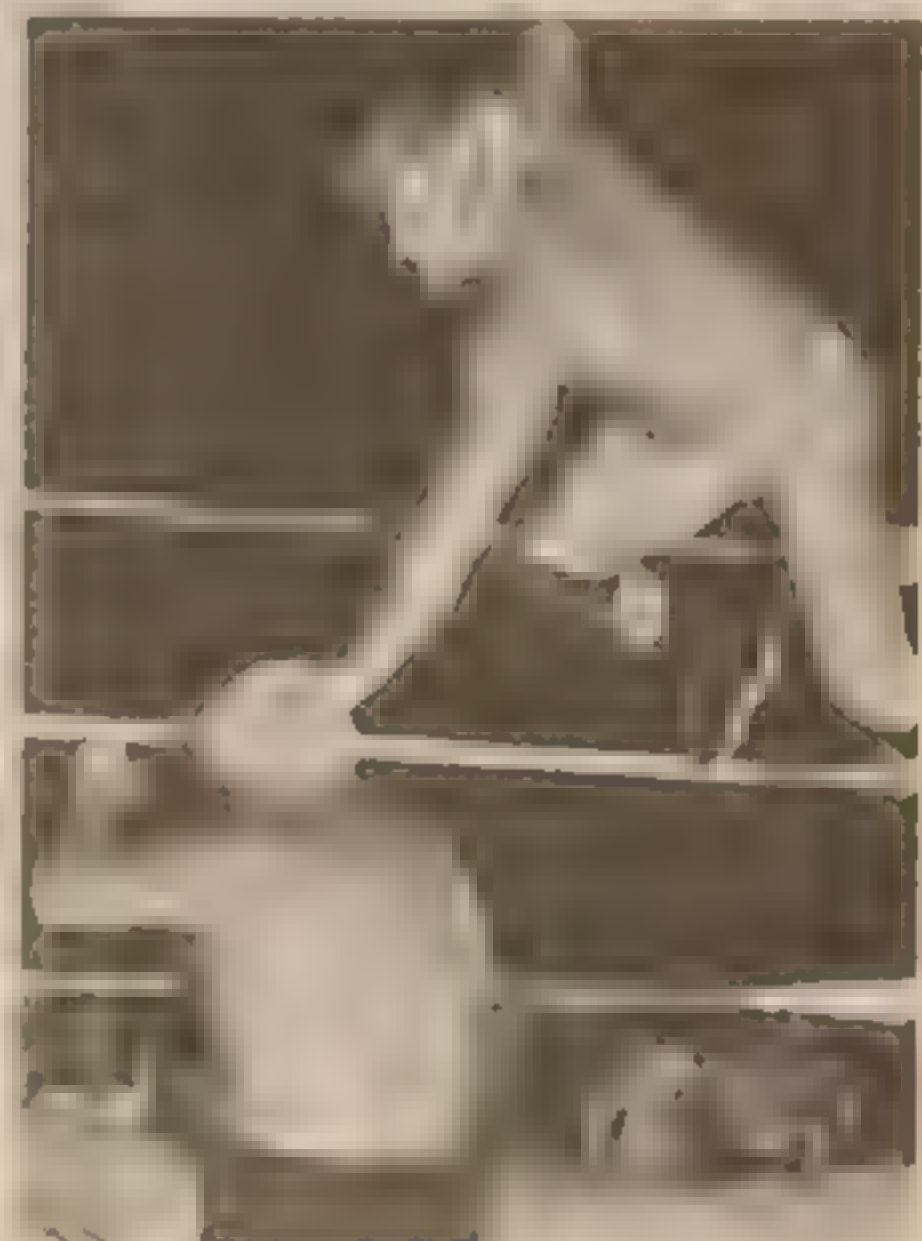
**A:** "First off, we had nothin' to do with hurtin' that fat slob's leg," insisted Snuka. "We had Youngblood in a legitimate hold. This was after he provoked both of us by introducing a foreign object into the match. We had to defend ourselves and, once we'd knocked the airhead Steamboat out of the ring, we turned our attention to

Youngblood. It wasn't out fault he was born with brittle bones. So what if he got hurt? One less bum to crowd the schedule and draw attention away from the one and only true and great champions, me and Ray Stevens."

\*\*\*

**Q:** "What does Nick Bockwinkel think the likelihood of his winning back the AWA title to be?"  
Connie Franklin, Minneapolis, MN

**A:** Likelihood? Likelihood implies there is some doubt about this matter," thundered



Nick Bockwinkel pummels his opponent. Nick feels he is a cinch to win the AWA title back from Verne Gagne

Bockwinkel. "I have absolutely no doubt I will triumph and regain my title from that cheating, lying scoundrel Gagne. As a man of great principle and integrity, I am deeply offended that a title match should be decided by cheating. Gagne thinks he can disgrace the title, well, there are fine, upstanding citizens like myself who will show him that crime doesn't pay." □



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## LARRY ZBYSZKO

(Continued from Page 35)



Morales tries to re-enter to the ring, but Zbyszko has other plans for him. Larry grabs Pedro by the hair and runs him head-first into the ringpost.

hell, Morales isn't even good enough to qualify as a preliminary wrestler.

"But I could use the workout, for a couple of minutes. No way Morales can stay in the ring with me for more than a few minutes. His heart couldn't take it and he'd probably faint at the first punch. Hell, look what I did to him, huh, just look at the way I destroyed that ugly puss of his."

It was at the Westchester County Civic Center in White Plains where this brutal battle occurred. Generally a paragon of scientific wrestling, Morales completely lost his temper early in the match.

"I no like that Zbyszko," Pedro said. "I no like his face. I no like anything about him, he's a bum, he's ugly, he threaten

me. Well, let me tell you, I ready for any kind of action from Zbyszko, any kind. He want to fight clean, I fight clean. He want to fight dirty, I fight dirty. Don't matter to me, any kind of action fine, all I want is to wrestle him.

Zbyszko insists there is ample precedence for Sammartino sending Morales out to get him.

"He's tried it before, he tried to have a hit put on me, he tried to hit me with everything he got, which isn't much," said Zbyszko. "It hasn't worked before and it won't work again.

"I'm too big to worry about crummy underlings like Morales. The man isn't worthy of wiping the dirt off my shoes. What I want is the big pasta-maker himself, the so-called Living Legend, the man who disgraces this great sport, the man who should be in a nursing home with an electric blanket and warm milk. Yeah, I want Sammartino. I'm weary of bruising my knuckles on his assassins' foreheads. I want some real kind of action, not a bum like Morales."

However, Morales gave Zbyszko more than a minor workout in their match. The truth of the matter remains Morales and Zbyszko battered each other from one end of the arena to the other. And the further truth is Zbyszko was disqualified. Of course, he insists he did nothing wrong and was merely responding to Morales' cheating tactics.

"Once again, Sammarstinko and his thugs managed to pay off the referee," said Zbyszko. "I did nothing wrong. Naturally, Morales can do whatever he wants, break any rule he wants, do anything to me, and he's





Zbyszko maintains his advantage only as long as he can keep Morales out of the ring (above). Once back in, Pedro returned most of the punishment he received (below).



protected. But as soon as I defend myself, they lower the boom on me.

"Well, - I want to issue a declaration right here and now. I refuse to wrestle Sammartino's assassins anymore. I want the real prize, the stuffed pasta himself, the old man, the senile fool. I want the Sammartstinko creature and I want him in the ring with me. I want to twist his neck in a million different ways. Let's see if he has any guts. I doubt it."

When informed of Zbyszko's challenge and exact phrasing, Bruno reddened. Then he calmed down, sat in a thick chair and smiled in anticipation. ☐

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## WHAT'S HAPPENING

(Continued from Page 8)

Volkoff, Super Destroyer, and Bobby Jagers. How could such a thing happen? Here's the lowdown:

Dick Slater was scheduled to wrestle Barry Windham in a TV elimination bout to determine a challenger for Harley Race's NWA title. When airline problems prevented Slater's appearance, Hays offered a blank check to any wrestler who would sign to do battle with Barry under the "good Lord's" leadership. To the surprise of everyone, Murdoch agreed to wrestle his long-time partner

The match was scientific up to the 20-minute mark. It was then that Murdoch went totally berserk and busted Windham's head wide open! Fans gasped in horror as Murdoch (who had just teamed with Barry the night before) pounded Barry into unconsciousness. "Look, the object was to win," said Murdoch following the match. "Hays gave me a bundle of money. I'm an Outlaw and he gave me Outlaw money. When I get Outlaw money I do Outlaw chores. As long as Hays pays me, I



Dick Murdoch viciously piledrives his opponent into the mat as per instructions from his new manager Lord Al Hays! Murdoch has joined Hays' crew and now Dick's former partner and friend, Dusty Rhodes, is after his hide!



will work for him. I'll even cripple Dusty Rhodes if he wants me to!"

Joyce Grable and Judy Martin, the gals who wrestled among the men in Georgia's annual tag team tournament, now say they want to wrestle The Freebirds for the state title! . . . Bald-headed Gary Hart, the victim of a deal in which he lost his hair when protege Gino Hernandez lost a match, has now donned a mask so no one will ridicule him . . . "Handsome" Jimmy Valiant has been unable to regain the AWA Southern title from the hated champion Tommy Rich.

Baron Von Raschke is in Florida and his goal is the state belt held by



Before he put on a mask, the bald Gary Hart threatens to destroy anyone who makes fun of his unusual new look.

Bugsy McGraw . . . Ivan Koloff and Roddy Piper have formed a tag team in the Mid-Atlantic states . . . Ernie Ladd and Bad Leroy Brown, Louisiana tag team champions, complain about the "lack of talent" among their challengers.

Ted DiBiase is taking Georgia by storm. "You know, it's really great wrestling here," Ted told me before a recent match at Atlanta's Omni Auditorium. "I know that Harley Race defends his NWA title here regularly and I hope I can work my way into contention for a shot at his belt."

(Continued on page 52)

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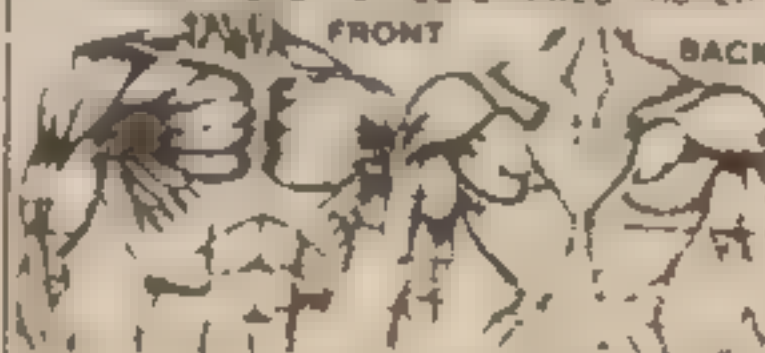
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## WHAT'S HAPPENING

(Continued from Page 51)



The Masked Superstar is full of evil thoughts as he prepares to wrestle his ex-advisor Gene Anderson. "I can't wait!" exclaims the masked man.

Is Bob Backlund afraid of Killer Khan? That's what Fred Blassie, Khan's manager says. "The guy is petrified!" exclaims Blassie. "Every time Howdy Doody Backlund hears the name Khan, he shakes like a leaf!"

"He's a big man—a very big man," responds Backlund. "I am not afraid of him, but do respect his ability and realize I have to be very careful wrestling him."

The Milwaukee, Wisconsin match between former AWA champion Nick Bockwinkel and

the sly Tito Santana has to decide a challenger for Verne Gagne's AWA title. It appeared that Tito was about to get the win as he bodypressed Nick. The referee counted, "one, two," and then the bell rang. No, Tito did not get the three count on Nick. The time limit ran out! And Gagne's number-one challenger has yet to be determined.

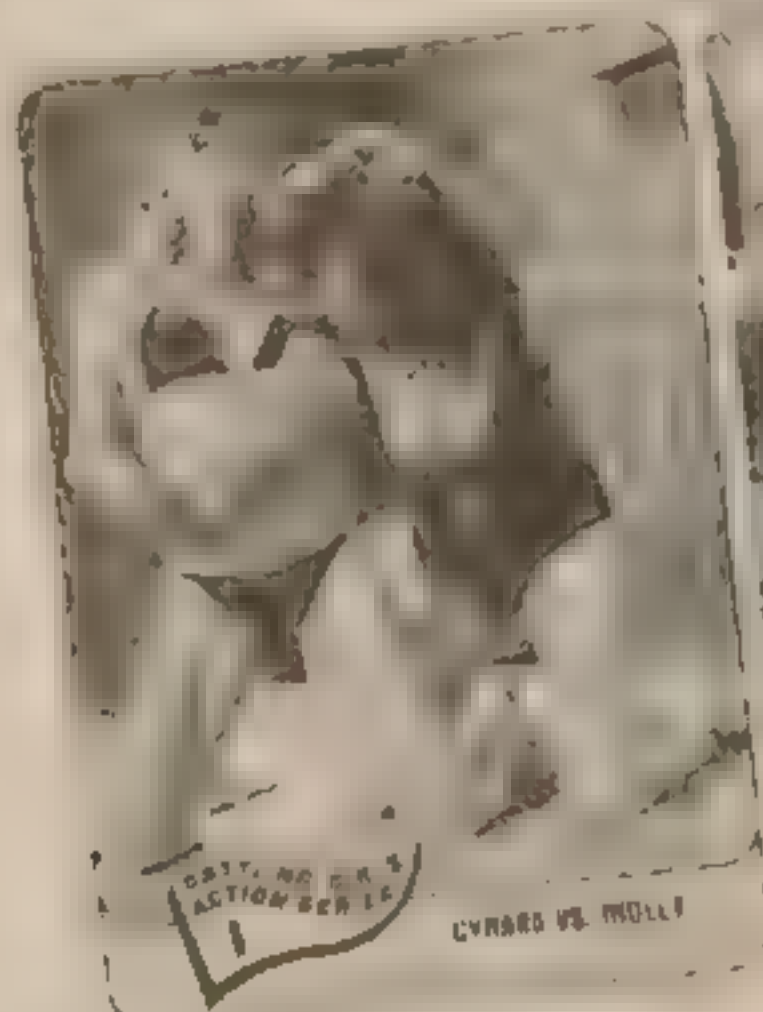
"I can't wait," is all Masked Superstar keeps saying regarding his upcoming match against former advisor Gene Anderson. "I am going to hand that man's head to him on a platter. Gene Anderson's managerial and wrestling days are over!"

And that's what's happening! See you next time! □



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## THE SAMOANS

(Continued from Page 30)

well of human kindness that he is world-renowned for? Did the Captain console them?

You bet I did. No one is as forgiving as the Captain. I can understand how those less fortunate, those not blessed with my genius, those not blessed with my deep love for humanity, can err. I have never made a mistake. To turn my back on Afa and Sika would be a mistake.

So I sat them down and talked to them. I told them where they had gone wrong. I told them they had no one to blame but themselves. I told them they had to listen to me, that they were still great wrestlers but their heads were too thick sometimes. They listened. They grunted. They nodded. They cried. They felt bad because they knew they'd brought disgrace to the Captain, they'd tarnished the Captain's reputation, they'd hurt me, they wounded me. They were sorry.

They'll be a lot of garbage written by the morons in the business about how me and The Samoans are on the splits. I want to say right here and now, even if they hurt me, even if they disgraced me by losing my tag team title, we're still friends, we're still buddies, we're still like flesh and blood. Wherever they go, the spirit of the Captain will be with them.

As for The Moondogs, I showed them films of The Samoans' horrible loss to Garea and Martin, isn't that his name? I showed them what happens when they don't listen, when they won't accept the brilliant advice of the Captain.

They understood, felt bad for me, they know how much I love my wrestlers, how I love all the world, how I am a citizen of earth. They know that and promised never to disobey me.

Even the Captain has a limit to his kindness ☐



## LORD AL HAYS

(Continued from Page 33)



Victim of a vortex of crushed hopes and dreams, Hays wreaks revenge on the past by mauling Scott McGhee.

Al Hays couldn't play. But this was as close as he would ever get to the fields while still maintaining purposeful intellectual activity. This job required cunning and guts. Hays had plenty of both. He took the job, eventually acting as an unofficial assistant coach. For the rest of his college career, the Cambridge rugby squad enjoyed undefeated seasons.

Thus the pattern developed at Cambridge remains intact in Hays' professional wrestling world. He still craves the physical activity though his better talents lie in managing. Or do they? Perhaps, in the end, Hays would be a far superior wrestler than manager. But that supposition must ignore the scars of Hays' early life. He could never be just a wrestler.

He will always remember Cambridge and the cone of silence. □

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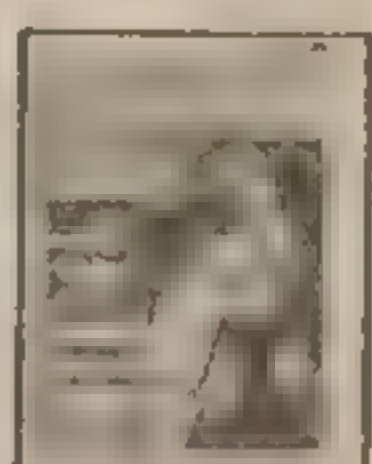
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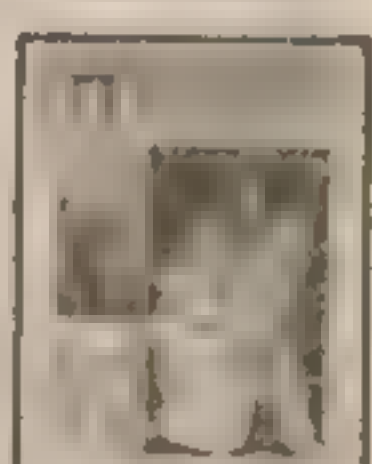
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**SPIKE HUBER**

(Continued from Page 25)



Huber seems to have inherited Bruiser's longtime hatred for Bobby Heenan. Spike disregards the referee's orders and slams his fist into Heenan's bloody face.

"In a single match, you have only one person to depend on you. If you blow it, you blow it. You have no opportunity for any alibis and you have to depend solely on yourself. I kinda like that excitement."

Though only in the sport a few years, Huber has quite an impressive list of enemies.

"Ivan Koloff has to be my toughest opponent. He's incredibly strong and mean. You always have to keep watch on his strength because if he gets you in a Russian bearhug, it's lights out time."

As well as violent feuds with Koloff and Jimmy Valiant, Huber tasted the bitter sword of treachery.

"I teamed with Paul Christy for quite a while and we became real good friends," recalled Huber, frowning. "I trusted him. We went

out together, did a lot together. Then one night he turned on me. I couldn't believe it. I was stunned, really.

"I tried to get him to explain why but he just refused. I do know Christy's manager, Major Duke George, convinced Christy to turn on me. Well, I vow to get even with both of them."

When in trouble, Huber turns to his most faithful allies, the fans.

"When things get rough, the fans cheer me on and it really pumps me up. You're in a tight situation and you're about to go under and all of a sudden you hear the fans cheering for you. It just fills you with energy. I really love and appreciate my fans, really I do."

Unlike other wrestlers, Huber promises never to turn bad.

"Never. I love my fans way too much to ever disappoint them and violate their sacred trust. I'd sooner swallow poison or live on a deserted island than hurt my fans," he said. "I love my fans." ☐



# VICTORY SPORTS BACK ISSUES

## YEARBOOKS

## ANNUALS



## CORRESPONDENT REPORTS

(Continued from Page 10)



Dick Slater's match with Mike Graham was marred by outside interference on both sides and was declared a double disqualification.

Rhodes into the ring. All this action resulted in a double disqualification allowing Slater to retain his title.

In other bouts, Bobby Jagers and Lord Al Hays defeated Dusty Rhodes and Dick Murdoch... Les Thornton retained his NWA Junior Heavyweight title by defeating Jerry Brisco... Buggy McGraw and Scott McGhee stopped Nikolai Volkoff and Big Bouncer... Hans Schroder stopped Reggie Parks.

**UTICA, NY—Correspondent:** Eric Trust—Inter-Continental champion Ken Patera paraded around the ring in customary arrogant style as he taunted the fans prior to his bout against fan favorite Tony Garea. But when the opening bell sounded, Garea jumped at Patera. At one point Patera couldn't move his left arm, it was so badly beaten. Patera snared Garea in a bearhug twice, but Garea broke the hold. Finally Patera used the ropes for extra leverage and vanquished Garea.

In other bouts, Pedro Morales came from behind to beat The Hangman... Sgt. Slaughter won a wild brawl over Rick McGraw... Dominic DeNucci stopped Johnny

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Rodz . . . Angel Marvella wrestled to a draw against Angelo Gomez.

**MARSHALLTOWN, IA—Correspondent: Shawn Swagler—**NWA champion Harley Race placed his prestigious belt on the line against former North American Heavyweight champion Mike George in an exciting main event. At the beginning, George seemed in control. Race rallied, depending on his fantastic wrestling ability and infamous rulebreaking maneuvers. Finally, Race's overwhelming skills proved too much for George.

In other bouts, Akio Sato whipped Bruiser Bob Sweetan . . . Rufus R. Jones and Akio Sato won a close decision over tough guys Buzz Tyler and Takachio.



Dusty Rhodes was declared victorious over Ole Anderson by disqualification when Ole rammed Dusty's head into the ringpost.

**COLUMBUS, OH—Correspondent: Pam Fischer—**Fans in Ohio got the thrill of a lifetime at the featured wrestling show at the new Ohio Center. In the main event, Dusty Rhodes battled Ole Anderson in a no-holds barred brawl. This brutal match spilled out of the ring and into the arena itself. Anderson crashed Rhodes against the ring posts, drawing blood. When the referee saw this dastardly trick, he stopped the match and awarded Rhodes the win by disqualification.

In other bouts, Wrestling II stopped the universally despised Ivan Koloff . . . The Assassins slipped past Steve Keirn and Kevin Sullivan. ☐

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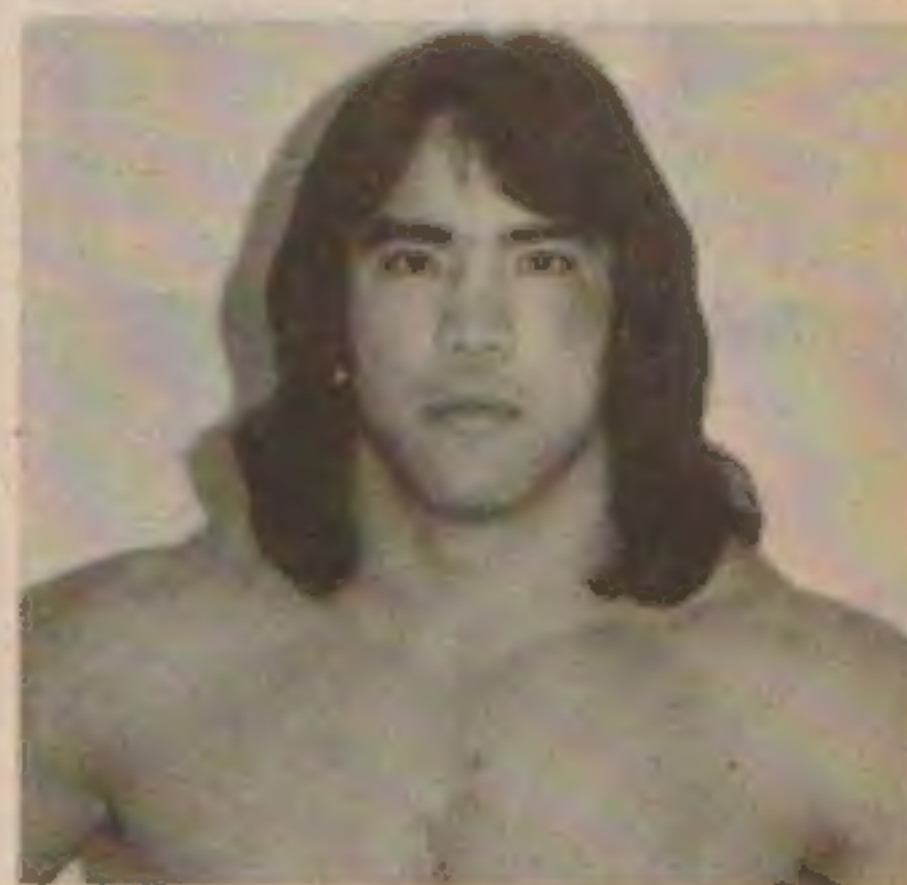
**THUMBS UP, THUMBS DOWN**

(Continued from Page 18)



**THUMBS DOWN** to Tommy Rich: This man represents the very worst of humanity. His selfish, self-centered disregard for anyone is truly appalling. By betraying his fans and friends, Rich demonstrated how little he really cares for anyone save himself. He earns wrestling's contempt.

**THUMBS UP** to Rick Steamboat: Others would have quit. Not Rick Steamboat. Despite the agonizing frustrations of losing previous championships, Steamboat persisted in his dream of winning back a major belt. His recent victory over Hussein Arab for the Mid-Atlantic belt commends Steamboat for his courage and dedication.



**THUMBS DOWN** to Michael Hayes: As a member of The Freebirds, current Georgia tag team champions, Hayes has been instrumental in erecting a creative, bold measure aimed solely at consolidating The Freebirds' suffocating hold on the Georgia wrestling world. Brilliant and shrewd, Hayes and his men will not rest until they have achieved full supremacy.

**THUMBS UP** to Lars Anderson: Fighting your own flesh and blood must be the singlemost difficult decision any man, whether wrestler or civilian, can ever undertake. Yet Anderson demonstrated the courage of his convictions, however painful, in standing up to brothers Gene and Ole. His lonely struggle for principles is a lesson for everyone.





## Q & A

(Continued from Page 21)



Before climbing back into the ring, Slater kicks Jerry Brisco in the back of the head. Slater resents the way the Brisco brothers "misuse" the figure-four leglock.

**Q:** Unofficially.

**A:** Not unofficially and I won't hear of anymore stupid remarks like that or I'll show you what kind of Brass Knuckles champ I am.

**Q:** Okay, we'll go on to another subject.

**A:** You're a gutless coward just like the others.

**Q:** Fine, fine. Now throughout your career, you refused to use the figure-four leglock...

**A:** When used in the wrong hands, it is a tool of the weak.

**Q:** Yet now you have announced you are the foremost practitioner of the figure-four leglock and further claim that Eddie Graham, who contends he developed the move, and Jack Brisco, a famous exponent of the move, are using it improperly?

**A:** That's right, Graham doesn't know his head from

his toes. Brisco makes me sick when he uses the move. I hate seeing a potentially fine maneuver ruined by morons who don't know their butt from their elbow. Since I am such a great talent, I thought I'd show them how to use it. Now that I have, I intend to break Brisco's legs and toss them into the ocean.

**Q:** Recently you beat up Reggie Parks only to have Brisco run in to save his friend. Then you put Brisco down with the figure-four. Were you surprised by your success?

**A:** Hell, no. I keep telling you idiots how great I am. I tell you Brisco don't know how to use the maneuver, he's a fool, a lame, and a nurd who shouldn't even be allowed to wrestle, much less destroy a great move.

**Q:** First you have to get past men like Humperdink, McGraw, and Rhodes.

**A:** Mere child's play. Let me tell you something about those swines, okay? Humperdink couldn't fight his own battles if his life depended on it, which it will, so scratch him off your list. Rhodes is too fat and dumb to pose any kind of menace to us. McGraw is a complete lunatic who has no grip with reality, he's about to be put away, I have reliable information on that. So what's to worry?

**Q:** Do you ever fear Hays will dump you if he finds a better wrestler?

**A:** That just shows how stupid you are. There is no better wrestler.

**Q:** Dick Slater, thank you for coming by. ☐

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